

P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WRITTEN IN

PENNSYLVANIA.

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“NEC LUSISSE PUDET.”

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B O E M S

OF THE OCCASIONS

AND FEELINGS

OF THE PEOPLE OF THE

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P R E F A C E.

THE following little **PIECES** are thrown into the World by way of experiment.—If they are favourably received, they will possibly be followed by others; if they perish, the **AUTHOR** will not be disappointed. His end will be answered, if this **PUBLICATION** serves as a temptation to others to follow his example. For he is well convinced, that several **GENTLEMEN** have, in their closets, **Pieces** (if published) that would do honour to themselves and to their Country.

P E E F A C E

THE following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the Government of the State of New York, for the year 1880. The names are arranged in alphabetical order, and are given in full, with the names of the persons who have been appointed to the offices of the State, and the names of the persons who have been appointed to the offices of the County. The names of the persons who have been appointed to the offices of the State, and the names of the persons who have been appointed to the offices of the County, are given in full, with the names of the persons who have been appointed to the offices of the State, and the names of the persons who have been appointed to the offices of the County.

P O E M S
O N
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

THE WIZARD OF THE ROCK.

WITHIN a cave by Nature's hands
Scoop'd from a solid craggy stone,
Which near the *Schuylkill's* margin stands,
An hoary HERMIT dwelt alone.

Tho' age had silver'd o'er his head,
Yet beam'd his eyes with youthful glow;
A flowing beard his breast o'erspread,
That vied in whiteness with the snow.

B

His

His arching brow was wisdom's throne,
 Yet grief had planted furrows there;
 His cheeks, where mild compassion shone,
 Had been bedew'd with many a tear.

RELIGION visited his cell;
 Meek *Resignation* came along;
 With him the *Virtues* lov'd to dwell
 Sequester'd from the noisy throng.

To neighb'ring swains the man was dear,
 (For swains the man of virtue love!)
 By some he was yclep'd THE SEER,
 By some, the HERMIT OF THE GROVE.

But boys, who near the silver wave
 Of *Schuykill* watch'd the bleating flock,
 And saw him in his stony cave,
 The WIZARD call'd him OF THE ROCK.

Nor yet could simple shepherds tell
 From whence or how he thither came;
 Some thought that from the clouds he fell,
 Some thought he rose from out the stream.

Some

Some said he was a mermaid's child,
And from beneath the "vasty deep,"
Because, as soon as summer smil'd,
He sought the sea-beat shore—to weep.

Imports it not, what was his name,
Or how, or whence, the WIZARD sprung;
Yet far for cunning was his fame,
And learning dwelt upon his tongue.

If wither'd hag with crooked thumb
To kids, or cows, would threaten harm;
To him the milk-maids all would come,
Against the witch, to get a charm.

If pacing Dapple waxed poor,
Or if disorder thinn'd the flock,
The neighbours, for advice or cure,
Would seek the WIZARD OF THE ROCK.

But, when disease her ruthless hand
Upon the hapless peasant laid,
Beside the gloomy couch he'd stand,
And gently press the aching head.

The horrors of the troubled breast
His holy doctrine would remove:
He'd open scenes of endless rest,
Of joy ineffable and love.

Upon his words persuasion hung,
That lull'd the sinner to repose;
The music of his pious tongue
With peace th' expiring scene could close.

Much too he lov'd the youthful train,
Their innocence his bosom warm'd;
Oft, gathering round him on the plain,
They drank instruction, and were charm'd.

At once a parent, friend, and guide,
He'd hold up virtue to their view;
Their follies tenderly he'd chide,
Then mark the paths they should pursue.

Still, dearest object of his care,
The lov'd MATILDA list'ning stood;
Herself unconscious she was fair,
And wishing only to be good.

Oft

Oft as the WIZARD rais'd his eye,
To gaze upon her op'ning charms,
While from his bosom stole a sigh,
He'd press her in his aged arms.

“Such (would he say) had fate been kind,
“My lov'd ELVIRA now had shone;”
Then, to the will of Heav'n resign'd,
He'd strive to check the rising groan.

As dear as ever father lov'd
An only child, he held the maid;
Nor ever tend'rest daughter prov'd
More grateful in the thanks she paid.

As on the bleak *Atlantic* shore
His annual tears the WIZARD shed
For those his eyes could see no more,
Immers'd in ocean's deepest bed;

With anguish bending o'er a grave,
The lovely ORPHAN there he found;
He stretch'd the arm that lov'd to save,
And rais'd the mourner from the ground.

And to a calm, sequester'd plain,
 He led the drooping *Child of woe*;
 With tenderest care he sooth'd her pain,
 And made her sorrows cease to flow.

Beneath an aged matron's care
 (The matron too had sorrows known)
 He plac'd the little prattling fair,
 And bade to raise her as her own.

As she grew up, with ev'ry grace
 MATILDA's spotless form was blest;
 Beam'd sweetness in her Angel face,
 And pity, virtue, warm'd her breast.

So from the tempest-beaten plain,
 The drooping willow, bent to earth,
 Transplanted by the curious swain,
 Revives and spreads its foliage forth.

Oft did she seek the hoary sage,
 When night around, its gloom had spread:
 She listen'd to the words of age,
 And in her heart his precepts laid.

With

With learning's lore her mind he stor'd,
Its volumes open'd to her view;
The dark historic page explor'd,
And thence sublimest morals drew.

When vice triumphant, bath'd in blood,
Oppress'd meek virtue by its pow'r;
He pointed where the furies stood,
The fell destroyer to devour.

When kingdoms totter'd to decay,
When Empires in the dust were laid;
He pointed where corruption lay,
And all its sad effects display'd.

But when some peaceful Antonine
The drooping widow'd virtues rais'd;
He dwelt with rapture on the line,
And said, "Such deeds the Seraphs prais'd"

He too did nature's page unfold;
Its wonders, order, beauty shew'd;
Taught how creation was controul'd,
And whence that beauty, order, flow'd.

Thus while, with transport and surprize,
In pleasing paths MATILDA trod,
He bade her raise her wond'ring eyes,
From *Nature's works*, to *Nature's GOD*.

Yet not, to books alone confin'd,
From them were all his precepts brought;
The WIZARD stor'd her pliant mind
With lessons that experience taught.

The moving tale, he'd sometimes feign,
Of sorrow, for her list'ning ear;
Enjoy awhile her virtuous pain,
Then kiss away the starting tear.

He painted once the Villain's art,
To ruin the believing maid;
As at an adder, did she start,—
To think the picture true,——afraid!

The WIZARD mark'd the down-cast eye;
He thought it dropt a silent tear;
Her bosom catch'd the stifled sigh;—
He fear'd some secret passion there!

'Twas

'Twas so!—her unsuspecting breast,
As tender as the cooing dove,
Had taken in a little guest,
But never knew that guest was love!

Oft, by the moonlight, on the plains
(Before she knew man could ensnare),
She met LEANDER, pride of swains;
But truth and innocence were there.

The rising blush its crimson gave;
She fear'd to meet the WIZARD's view;
She trembling left the rocky cave,
And to the neighb'ring grove she flew.

LEANDER met her near the grove,
And caught her in his faithful arms!
“And comes, he said, and comes my Love,
To bless me with her blooming charms?”

“And is it *Love*? And has no snare,
Been by LEANDER's treach'ry laid?
Alas!—I have been taught to fear!
Yet—could'st thou wound an helpless maid?”

“ By HEAVEN, he cry'd, by all the pow'rs
That rule yon starry sphere above,
This tender heart is only yours,
And beats with nought but purest love !

“ What impious wretch, what fiend, would da
To trample virtue's sacred shrine ?
To spread for innocence a snare,
Or wound a soul so bright as thine ?

“ By honor's ever sacred name,
By love, by truth, by Thee, I swear,
Not purer blazes virtue's flame
Within thy spotless breast,—than here !—

“ Then list, LEANDER !”—(thus reply'd
MATILDA to the gazing youth ;)
“ I know not how my thoughts to hide
Or to disguise the voice of truth.

“ No father's fost'ring hand I knew,
To guide my uninstructed heart,
To point where fraud or falsehood grew,
And shield me from the flatt'rer's art.

‘ No

“ No Mother’s bright example led
My infant steps in virtue’s lore !
The sea-weed form’d MATILDA’S bed
Upon the bleak Atlantic Shore.

“ The spot a wand’ring Peasant found,
Compassion warm’d his rugged breast ;
He rais’d me from the surge-beat ground,
And lull’d a little wretch to rest.

“ While prattle’d yet my artless years,
My Benefactor sought the grave ;
Ah ! not avail’d my ceaseless tears,
Too weak to succour, or to save.

“ I saw him wreathe ; I hear’d him sigh,
I prest with trembling hand his head ;
And, as he clos’d the dying eye,
For me the last sad tear was shed.

“ Cast on the world’s extended stage,
Again deserted and forlorn,
No friend to guard my orphan age,
From ev’ry hope and comfort torn ;

“ My

“ My pray’rs kind HEAV’N in pity heard,
And sent a Friend,—the Friend of woe ;
The WIZARD OF THE ROCK appear’d,
And bid my sorrows cease to flow.

“ ’Twas he that form’d my tender youth
With all a parent’s anxious care ;
He pointed out the paths of truth,
And bid my steps to follow there.

“ His lib’ral hand my wants supplies,
For me are paid his daily pray’rs :
And shall I, from his aged eyes,
By disobedience call the tears ?

“ Forbid it gratitude and love,
That such unfilial deed be mine ;
Let him LEANDER’S VOWS approve,
And then MATILDA will be thine.”

“ Immortal Pow’rs ! ” exclaim’d the swain,
And clasp’d her in his warm embrace ;
“ ’Tis she !—the wond’rous mark is plain,—
ALCANOR’S eye—ELVIRA’S grace.

“ Long

“ Long lost,—lamented, lovely maid !
Quick let us seek the WIZARD’s cave ;
But, ah !—oh ever honour’d shade !
Why hast thou burst thy wat’ry grave ?

“ What deed of mine disturbs thy rest,
Protector of my early youth ?
Thy precepts, ’grav’d upon my breast,
Have made me follow honor, truth.

“ Yet soft ;—upon those hoary brows,
No threat’ning fullen frowns appear !
ALCANOR, smile upon my vows
Before thou melt’st in fleeting air !”

“ Yes—bless ye both !”—the WIZARD cried
(For he the tender scene had view’d) ;
Each earthly wish is now enjoy’d :
Thus HEAV’N rewards the just and good.

“ Dear pledge of my ELVIRA’s love !
And did the storm my infant spare ?
No more MATILDA now shall prove
The WIZARD’s, but the FATHER’s care.

“ Oft,

" Oft, as we traced instruction's line,
While yet thy infant summers shone,
I've gaz'd upon thy charms divine,
Nor deem'd the treasure was my own.

" Oh ! sacred be the Peasant's tomb,
Whose gentle breast preserv'd my child !
There may the vernal flow'rets bloom,
By no unhallow'd step defil'd !

" Arise, LEANDER ; to thy arms
Thy Friend ALCANOR is restor'd ;
And see, my Daughter's op'ning charms
Await to bless her bosom's Lord !"

MARIA'S

M A R I A ' s G R A V E .

“**T**HE bell strikes one!—We take no note of time,
“ But from its loss”—

So sung the bard divine,
He, who amid the awful gloom of night,
Of night more awful, from the dreary scene [graves
That spread its horrors round,—from mould’ring
Of those who long had slumber’d in the dust,
Drew morals deep, important, grand, sublime !

Oh ! would the Muse, that to his holy breast
(Tho’ humbled, wounded by affliction’s thorn,)
Gave inspiration,—shed one spark on mine ;
On mine, by sorrow’s deep-corroding tooth
Sore stricken ;—Sorrow too, allied to his,—
Of pungent sorrow, for MARIA’s fate.

Then would CLEONE not disdain the lay
Which *Friendship* offers at the grassy tomb
Where sleeps the dust of beauty.—

Deep

Deep it sleeps,

To wake no more, till that tremendous day
 When, mid the wreck of nature, the last trump
 Shall rouse the mould'ring atoms into form !

How still, how solemn is the midnight scene !
 How fit this time for contemplation's pow'r
 To shed her influence o'er the thoughtless breast;
 And oh ! how fit to fill the soul with awe
 This sacred, mournful spot !

Each grave around

Breathes forth a moral that should strike each heart;
 But chiefly thine, MARIA, speaks aloud !—

And will CLEONE leave the grace-trod plain,
 Where art and nature both conspire to please ?
 Say, will she leave sweet *Morven's* happy bow'rs,
 Where peace and pleasure gild each rising day,
 And notes of rapture float on ev'ry breeze,
 To seek the dreary mansions of the dead,
 Where silence, darkness, horror, reign around ?

Come !—thy MARIA calls; her sky-rob'd form,
 Seated on yonder cloud, yet hovers near !

Thy

Thy sighs, far sweeter than *Arabia's* gales
 That kiss the bending cassia, as they pass,
 And steal the odors of the happy clime,
 Shall reach the cloud, and waft it up to HEAV'N;
 While thy soft tears, far brighter than the dews,
 Upon the turf that wraps her mould'ring clay,
 And richer than the incense of the East,
 Will be a grateful tribute to her shade!
 Oh! who, that knew her, can refuse to pay
 The tender tribute of a mournful tear?

Youth, beauty, virtue!

Could not all your charms
 Resist the fatal tyrant of mankind?
 No!—for MARIA bow'd beneath his stroke!
 Compos'd, she bow'd the lovely languid head,
 Meek as a seraph!—from her dying eye
 Beam'd *Resignation*;—while her dying lips
 Implor'd a blessing on her weeping friends!

Oh! come, ye Fair! who tread in Pleasure's maze,
 And sip the raptures of each passing hour;
 Oh! hither bend the sadly pensive step;
 Leave for awhile the gay, fantastic round,

C

Where

Where folly revels, and where health decays,
 To gain instruction at MARIA's grave!
 Let recollection with inverted eye
 Paint to your fancies what MARIA was;
 Then ask this solemn question!—what are ye?

Blooms on your cheeks the rosy tint of health?
 Do your gay forms attract attention's gaze?
 And from each breeze, do your delighted ears
 Drink in th' impassion'd sighs?

So lov'd, admir'd,
 Was once the form that slumbers now—in dust!

Not shape of symmetry,—not bloom of youth,
 Nor yet the sighs impassion'd lovers breathe,
 Could stay the stern relentless dart of fate,
 Or shield MARIA's bosom from the wound; [own.
 Soon,—may the death-wing'd arrow pierce—your

Did Pity's dew-drop glisten in her eye,
 When tales of sorrow caught the list'ning ear?
 Did Charity expand her generous heart,
 When pale Distress had lost each ray of hope?
 Did Heav'n-born Virtue wear MARIA's form

To

To charm, if possible, a thoughtless world?
And was that form by ev'ry grace adorn'd?
And was her mind as spotless as her form?
And was her fame as spotless as her mind?
And was her life as spotless as her fame!
And was the tenor of that spotless life,
A rare example that ye should pursue,
To make this vale below an earthly Heav'n?
Oh! let her death instruct you how to die,
And gain the glories of a Heav'n above!

Bright o'er yon eastern hill, the star of morn
Darts forth its radiant beams!—Nor far below
The pallid crescent of the waneing moon
Shoots up the welkin!—But yon fullen cloud,
Borne on the pinions of the southern blast,
May soon obscure the splendor of their rays.

Like that bright star, thy morn, *Maria*, shone,
And gave each promise of a radiant day;
But soon, too soon, the cold enfeebling hand
Of pale disease was felt; and like the moon,
Thy love-inspiring figure wan'd away;

Fruitless the pray'rs which virtue oft preferr'd,
 Vain all the sighs which bleeding *Friendship* heav'd;
 Like yonder fullen cloud, the blast of death
 Hid the fair prospects that our hopes had form'd,
 And shrouded all thy beauties in the tomb!

Blest MAID ! adieu !—

This humble artless lay,

Rude as Affliction prompted, at thy grave
 The Muse of *Friendship* pays !—Not her's the line
 That trills harmonious to the raptur'd ear;
 But though her numbers rude and tuneless flow,
 Her's is the language of a feeling heart,
 And her's the sigh, which rises from the soul !

THE

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

THE death-bell tolls!--the village train draw near,
With solemn step attending DAMON's bier!
From each sad eye the streams of sorrow flow.
From each sad bosom steals the sigh of woe.

Slow they approach to yonder shatter'd fane,
That rears its tottering spire o'er the plain;
There, no proud tomb erects its sculptur'd head,
To blazon forth the titles of the dead.
No pompous vault expects his sad remains,
No mitre'd prelate chaunts the solemn strains,
No deep-ton'd organ swells the mournful note,
No choral voices on the night-breeze float,
No funeral torches spread the lurid glare,
No venal mourner sheds the purchas'd tear,
No sable crouds perform the studied part,
But deep affliction dwells in every heart!

Now by the grave the melancholy band
 In sadly pensive silence take their stand;
 The corse committed to its native clay,
 With pious care, each mournful rite they pay;
 With trembling hands the tear-dew'd sods they spread
 And gently press them o'er their much-lov'd dead.

“Soft be thy slumbers, (says yon man of years,)
 No more thou’lt wake amid this vale of tears;
 No more thy breast shall feel the sting of woe,
 Unfelt by thee, the wint’ry storms shall blow,
 Unknown to thee, the vernal flowers shall bloom,
 Nor spring, nor storms, affect the silent tomb;
 Yet shall thy mem’ry live in ev’ry heart
 Where pity dwells, or virtue bears a part.
 Still to thy grave, with each returning spring
 The village train their choicest wreaths shall bring;
 The breast of sympathy the sigh shall pay,
 And tears of gratitude bedew thy clay.
 Far from this spot, ye nightly goblins, fly:
 Here sleeps the *Son of Sensibility!*”

Now

Now shrouded in the earth their much-lov'd dead,
And each sad tribute to his relics paid,
The pensive peasants measure back the plain,
A sadly silent, melancholy train !

But lo !—one solitary mourner stays,
And o'er the grave his lonely sorrows pays.
Beside yon oak, whose thunder-stricken head
Majestic nods o'er DAMON's humble bed,
Behold the youth in deepest anguish bend,
To kiss the sods that press his mould'ring friend.
“ Stranger, he says, if e'er thy pitying eye
Could give a tear, thy bosom prompt a sigh,
When Virtue sunk neglected, to the tomb,
With pious step approach this sacred gloom.

Here DAMON sleeps, no stone to tell his name ;
No sculptur'd line his merits to proclaim !
Cold is the pillow that supports his head,
And deep the shades that wrap his silent bed ;
Still is the heart which throbb'd for other's woe,
Clos'd are those lids where mercy us'd to glow,
Pale as the drooping image on yon stone,
The cheeks where meek compassion ever shone ;

Nerveless that hand which wip'd the mourner's tear,
 And snatch'd the child of anguish from despair;
 Mute are those lips from whence instruction flow'd,
 Heaveless that breast where ev'ry virtue glow'd.
 Within yon cot, where silent sorrow reigns,
 Once dwelt the parent of the peaceful plains;
 Stain'd by no tear, save those which Pity shed,
 The pious sage his guiltless moments led.

One tender maid, the daughter of his cares,
 With filial fondness watch'd his hoary years!
 Oh! lost SOPHIA! lovely, ill-starr'd fair,
 Still to thy mem'ry drops the burning tear!
 Still heaves the sigh while fancy dwells on thee,
 For ever torn from life, from love,—from me.
 How fair the promise of thy rising morn,
 What op'ning virtues did thy youth adorn!
 How frail, how transient was thy bright'ning bloom!
 How soon it faded!—sunk into the tomb!
 Still breathe my curses on thy murd'rer's head,
 And vengeance follows tho' with tardy tread!
 No temple's sacred walls the wretch shall hide,
 Villain by an altar's side;

E'en

E'en tho' with trembling step he fought this gloom,
And with repentant tears bedew'd thy tomb,
Here, in his blood, I'd bathe my thirsty dart,
And from his bosom tear his panting heart!

Where slept the lightnings of indignant heav'n,
When the deep blow to innocence was giv'n?
Why flew no bolt from yon insulted skies,
When bleeding virtue rent the air with cries?

Stranger, forgive the transports of my soul,
Too wildly rais'd for reason to controul!
Oh! hadst thou seen her in the hour of joy,
Seen the mild radiance of her beamy eye;
Or, when she heard the tale of the distressed,
Mark'd the soft swell of pity in her breast;
Or hadst thou hear'd the music of her tongue,
Seen her soft lips on which persuasion hung;
Then, hadst thou seen her, bending to the grave,
(Our pray'rs, our tears, too weak, alas, to save!)
Seen her meek eyes, with all their lustre gone,
Mark'd her pale lips, with all their rubies flown,

Heard

Heard the last prayer, her fault'ring tongue address,
To sooth the horrors of her murd'rer's breast;
Seen the pale taper of her life expire,
Seen the deep anguish of her hoary fire;
Seen him with looks of horror, madly wild,
Bend o'er the body of his breathless child;
Heard him, in all the agony of grief
Implore the hand of death to bring relief;
Then would thy wrath arise, thy curses flow,
To blast the author of this scene of woe!
Black was the day LORENZO fought the plain,
Black as his soul, too skill'd, alas! to feign!
Lur'd by the smiling villain's treach'rous art,
The lovely maiden yielded up her heart!
The villain seiz'd the fond unguarded hour,
When thoughtless beauty fought the silent bow'r,
Press'd on the fair, when distant from defence,
And robb'd his victim of her innocence,

See'st thou yon lily, drooping on the plain?
So sunk the fairest of the village-train!
Grief sapp'd the springs of life;—she bow'd her head,
And sought the gloomy mansions of the dead!

Fast

Fast on her steps, her age-bent father trod—
His sorrows sleep beneath this dewy sod!
But let me cease,—Revenge pursues the deed,
And soon LORENZO's guilty breast shall bleed,
Stranger, farewell.—If sorrow claims a tear,
'Tis due to DAMON—pay the tribute here!"

And shall Oblivion, in her midnight shade,
Obscure the story of the humble dead?
Shall meek SOPHIA seek the silent grave,
No gen'rous Muse her injur'd name to save?
Shall DAMON slumber in the tomb, unknown,
His grief forgotten, uninscrib'd his stone?
While venal bards in glowing verse proclaim
The fancy'd merits of each wealthy name?

Shame to the Muse, who prostitutes her lays,
And vilely carols in a villain's praise;
While the mild virtues of the lowly swain
Are left to sink, unnotic'd on the plain.
Let wealth, let pow'r, condemn the humble line,
By rude hands cut upon the peasant shrine;
But let me seek the far sequester'd vale,
And often listen to the village tale;

Or let me wander' thro' the church-yard gloom,
And gaze attentive on the grassy tomb;
There while the night-bird pours his plaintive note,
Or dying echoes on the breezes float,
The silent, musing moralist may find
Sublimest lessons, for the thoughtful mind!
Flow from the peasant's unregarded dust,
As solemn truths as from the trophied bust.
The heav'n-aspiring pyramid can bring
No softer slumbers to the buried king,
Than those which wrap the lowly mould'ring head
Of the poor tenant of this sod-crown'd bed.

THE MAN

THE MAN OF SORROW.

TRILL'D on the ear the sheep-boy's latest note,
 While gently dy'd the passing western breeze;
 Each tuneful bird has hush'd his little throat,
 And not a breath now rustles thro' the trees!

Serenely bright the moon ascends the sky;
 Soft sleep her rays upon yon limpid stream;
 No low'ring clouds throughout the æther fly,
 To intercept the brightness of her beam.

Alone, and silent, on yon oak-crown'd hill
 Fond Echo tries, but still she tries in vain,
 To mock the murmurs of the little rill,
 Which winds its tinkling stream along the plain.

But hark!—not fancy bids those sounds to flow;
 Again,—they tremble on the list'ning ear;
 The deep-drawn sigh that rends the breast of woe,
 Breaks the dead silence of the midnight air.

Where

Where slowly rolls the *Schuylkill's* silver wave,
 Along the foot of yonder fragrant vale,
 There COLIN, bending o'er his DAMON's grave,
 Tells to the ear of night his hapless tale.

Ah! plains,—he cries, where Pleasure ever led
 Her festive bands, amid the vernal pride,
 On distant fields your DAMON bow'd his head,
 On distant fields your hapless shepherd dy'd!

He dy'd!—but ah!—no gentle friend was near,
 With pious hand to close his death-struck eyes;
 O'er his uncoffin'd corse to shed a tear,
 Or mark where, shrowded in the earth, he lies;

Yet here I've rais'd, by love paternal led,
 For thee, lamented youth, a vacant tomb;
 For thee, I here have form'd the myrtle shade,
 And brought the cypress to increase the gloom.

And here, while dew-damps chill the nightly air,
 The mournful tribute to thy shade I'll pay;
 With care-worn eye, out-watch the latest star,
 Then fly to hide me from the face of day.

But ha!—who's this, with step unhallow'd,—rude,
That comes where sorrows hidden wish to flow!
Away, fond youth!—away! nor dare intrude—
Upon the sacred privacy of woe.

Y O U T H.

Not to disturb your grief I hither stray,
Or mock, unfeeling, sorrow's tender tear;
By love impell'd, I bend my lonely way,
And pour my plainings to the desert air.

'Tis mine, to sigh, unpitied and alone;
For ah! no sigh MARIA's heart can move!
Flows from this hapless breast the ceaseless groan
Of pining care, and unregarded love.

C O L I N.

Then let us join;—in kindred grief we'll join,
Here sadly bending o'er this silent grave;
Each groan of yours I'll echo back with mine,
And with my tears the grass-green sod I'll lave.

You'll

You'll sooth those sighs Affliction bids to flow ;
You best can sooth them, who can deepest feel ;
Lift then, attentive to the tale of woe,
Which wrings my breast with anguish to reveal.

I had a son !—Oh pierc'd reflection spare,
In pity spare, an hapless parent's breast ;
Long down his age-plough'd cheek the burning tear
Of anguish streaming fast, has broke his rest.

A parent's breast !—ah ! parent now no more !
From mem'ry's seat, oh, blot the fatal morn,
When by the ruffian hand of lawless pow'r,
From these weak arms my age's hope was torn.

Oh hard'ned heart !—why burst you not in twain,
For sure such woes might rend an heart of stone ;
What moments then of agonizing pain
Had to this throbbing bosom been unknown !

Adorn'd with every grace of blooming youth,
I had a son, who bore from all the prize ;
His soul was spotless as the shrine of truth,
And beam'd the mildest radiance from his eyes.

Bright

Bright blaz'd his nuptial torch;—the happy hour
Approach'd;—and music echoed thro' the grove;
With verdure bloom'd my DAMON's fav'rite bower,
Deck'd by the hand of his officious love.

Deck'd for ALMERIA!—dear unhappy maid!
What pangs do now thy snowy bosom tear!
Like *April* blossoms do thy beauties fade,
Nipp'd by the frosty hand of pining Care.

ALMERIA came!—the pride of all the plain;
She sweetly smil'd upon my raptur'd boy;
When *Britain's* sons;—a fell remorseless train,
Burst on the sweet retreat of peace and joy.

Ah!—nought avail'd a kneeling father's tears,
Nor could their rage a mother's sorrows stay;
Regardless of her sex, her feeble years,
They sternly spurn'd her, as she prostrate lay.

Nor yet avail'd the fair ALMERIA's sighs;
From her soft clasping arms my son they tore!
O'erthrew the wreath-bound altar,—curs'd our cries,
And to the embattled field the youth they bore.

What need I more;—my anguish speaks the rest!
On *Monmouth's* plain, he bow'd his dying head!
The hostile steel deform'd his manly breast,
And at the wound life's crimson current fled.

On lightning's wings the cruel tidings came;
His boding mother guess'd the fatal blow!
The dreadful shock o'erpower'd her feeble frame:
She sunk!—a speechless spectacle of woe!

Waking at length, she cry'd, with wild despair,
Oh! bring my *DAMON* from the bloody plain;
I'll bathe his wounds, with many a falling tear,
And from his bosom wash the crimson stain!

With wreaths of flowers his body I'll adorn,
On rose-crown'd sods his icy head shall lie,
And 'till the stars shall fade before the morn,
I'll watch my breathless child with sleepless eye.

No tainting blast shall touch my darling boy,
A sheet of lilies o'er his corse I'll spread;
Come, come, *ALMERIA*, raise the song of joy,
Thy well-known voice shall wake him from the dead.

But

But soft, he slumbers in yon balmy grove;
Ye gentlest zephyrs, fan him with your breath;
His are the peaceful dreams of bliss and love :
—Ah no !—they dream not, in the sleep of death!

Distracted now, she beat her aged breast;
Wild as the winds, was every word she said;
But soon, to scenes of never-ending rest,
From its weak tenement her spirit fled.

Thus am I left in my declining years;
Oh ! may the thread that next is cut be mine !
With rapture, will I leave this vale of tears,
And fly, my DAMON's happy shade to join.

For thee, fond youth !—whose sympathetic soul
Has in my sorrows borne a friendly part :
Ne'er round thy dome may keen misfortunes roll
Nor hopeless love dwell preying at thy heart !

Thine be the joys MARIA's beauties bring !
On thee be lavish'd Fortune's boundless store !
For thee thro' life may ceaseless pleasures spring,
When this sad breast shall throb with woe no more.

But see!—dispelling now the nightly gloom,
 Breaks from the east, the morning's early ray ;
 He said,—and homeward from the tear-dew'd tomb,
THE MAN OF SORROW shap'd his lonesome way.—

AN O D E;

Addressed to the BRETHREN of LODGE, N^o. 2. who
 had assembled together, on the Commons below
Philadelphia, between *Delaware* and *Schuykill*,
 to spend ST. JOHN'S day in festivity, June 24,
 1782.

R AISE high the festive strain!
 Again and,—yet again!

This sacred day demands the votive song.

O'er yonder silver flood,

Thro' yonder distant wood,

Let Echo still the rapt'rous sound prolong.

Fill, fill the sparkling glass;

To joy devote

Be every note,

And crown'd with decent mirth each moment pass.

From each dull fear,

From every care,

Be now, the Mason bosom free,
 No passion rude,
 No thoughts intrude
 To intercept our harmony.

Yet if, deep sighing to the passing gale,
 The *Child of Anguish* seeks the humble vale,
 To this blest spot, the sigh let zephyrs bear;
 Each hand is prompt, to wipe the falling tear.

Double pleasure 'twill bestow,
 To relieve the mourner's woe.

Yes, yes—be ours the task divine,
 To sooth the anguish of the pain-rack'd breast,
 In Sorrow's eye bid beaming rapture shine,
 And lull the head of Agony to rest.

Heav'n-descended Charity,
 Fav'rite of the DEITY,
 Every heart is here thy own;
 From the hoary Hermit's cell,
 Virtue flies with thee to dwell,
 Where MASON ARMS erect thy throne.

ART AND NATURE.

'T IS said that once upon a time,
(So tales begin, and so my rhyme)
Nature held high dispute with Art,
Which had most power, upon the heart.

They each agreed, to end debate,
A lovely maiden to create,
Endow'd with their respective charms,
To fill the soul with Love's alarms.

Obedient to each high command,
Two female forms before them stand.

Art flew for lightning to the skies,
And plac'd it in her daughter's eyes:
But Nature, tender and sincere,
Taught her's to shed soft Pity's tear.

While Art, from her abundant store,
Her favorite's cheeks vermillion'd o'er ;
Another method Nature chose,
In her's she plac'd the blushing rose.

Art wander'd through *Arabia's* plain,
Each richest, costliest gum to gain,
She rifled every region o'er,
And left *Ambara's* valley poor,
Then with her gather'd sweets she hied,
To scent the object of her pride.

Such gales, as kiss the daïsied meads,
When Spring the jocund hours leads,
When every object grown more gay
Joins to hail returning May,
Through even rows of pearly teeth,
Nature taught her child to breathe.

A neck that caught the gazer's sight,
As alabaster, cold and white,
Where symmetry's extremest point
Was tortur'd into every joint,

Rising

Rising from a snowy breast,
 The sculptor's curious toil confest,
 Such Art bestow'd upon her child
 While indignant Nature smil'd.

A spotless skin of fairest hue,
 With veins of sky, eye-tinctur'd blue,
 A bosom which conceal'd a heart,
 That bore in every pang a part,
 And throbb'd responsive to each groan,
 Soft Nature bade her child to own.

Next Art to *Persia's* regions flew,
 From thence the richest filks she drew,
 Transparent emeralds she sought,
 The *Ceylon* ruby too she brought;
Golconda's richest mine explor'd,
 To add the diamond to her hoard,
 And on her idol she bestow'd,
 The curious, costly, cumbrous load;
 While young simplicity and ease,
 Gave Nature's daughter power to please.

Thus

Thus deck'd, each mother gave her charge,
Before she set her child at large.

“ Now go—said Art,—and let your eyes
Fill each beholder with surprize;
Go—be but seen—without controul
You'll lord it o'er the human soul,
Before your feet, you'll daily see,
Unnumber'd captives bow the knee;
But let them drag a hopeless chain,
And sigh, and swear, and rave in vain.”

In humbler accents Nature said;
Be not of yonder form afraid;
Perhaps she'll wound the fopling's heart,
Be yours, my dear, a nobler part;
The trifling conquests of her eyes,
Are such as all your sex despise.

But if some tender youth you find,
In whom each sense, each virtue's join'd,
Within whose open, generous breast,
Dissimulation cannot rest,

Of him a worthy conquest make,
 He'll love my child for Nature's sake.
 In him no short-liv'd flame you'll fear;
 Where VIRTUE dwells, the soul's sincere.
 Go then, my life, my joy, my pride,
 Go—be the counterpart of F—d.

FLORA.

FLORA, to Miss F—D.

Wrote on a PAPER that wrap'd a Bunch of NATURAL FLOWERS, sent to Miss F—D in the Winter.

MID my gay gardens dress'd in endless green,
 Where wild luxuriance decks the fragrant scene,
 Where opening buds their dewy sweets disclose,
 Where hangs the lily, and where blooms the rose,
 Where drops ambrosia from my waving trees,
 And music dances on the passing breeze;
 While Beauty's Queen and all the sportive Loves
 Range uncontroul'd among my orange groves,
 Regardless of each other votary's pray'r,
 My lovely F—D is all her FLORA's care.
 For you I've cull'd, from all my myrtle bowers,
 The choicest sprigs, and pluck'd my earliest flowers;
 Their

Their parent stems, my blossoms leave with joy,
Pleas'd on thy lovely breast to live and die;
In them, no briar, no pointed thorn is found,
That seat of spotless innocence to wound;
Yet in their stalks (I mark'd his treach'rous art)
The little CUPID hid a venom'd dart,
Secure, that when the flow'rs your bosom prest,
The melting poison would pervade your rest.
Vain was each scheme the blinded Urchin tried,
Before his face I drew the dart aside,
Then seiz'd his bow;—the love-wing'd weapon flew,
To STREPHON's breast, and made it pant for you.

A N O D E;

Written at the Request of, and humbly inscribed to
a LADY.

R E C I T A T I V E.

L OUD howl'd the voice of all-destructive War,
And Desolation swept th' ensanguin'd plain;
Stern Vengeance mounted on his crimson car,
And drove regardless over heaps of slain!

In vain did *Mercy* stretch the tender hand,
And kneeling Innocence in vain implor'd;
The *Giant Terror* led the cruel band,
And gave a keener edge to every sword!

Far from the scene dejected *Pity* flew,
The tear still trembling in her glist'ning eye,
So on the vi'let shines the morning dew
Before exhal'd into its native sky.

The lovely EMMA's angel form she wore,
The sprightly look alone exchange'd to woe;
Across her arm the plaintive lute she bore,
And thus she bade the moving song to flow.

A I R.

Fairest, softest child of Heaven,
Peace, Oh Peace, again return;
Close the wounds the sword has given,
And bid Sorrow cease to mourn!

Lead the woe-worn Child of Anguish,
From the dreary cypress gloom;
Bid him cease, at length to languish,
O'er the unremitting tomb.

II.

From yon starry sky descending.
Here come raise thy hallow'd shrine;
At the bloodless structure bending,
Freedom's vot'ries shall be thine.

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There

There the hardy soldier bowing,
 Shall present his broken spear ;
 And, the sword of honour shewing,
 Wet the blade with Pity's tear.

AN EPISTLE,

To an amiable LADY, who had given credit to a
malicious Report of the AUTHOR. Written in
a CAVE, on the top of a Mountain, where he
had retired to avoid the SAVAGES, having lost
his road and company in an uninhabited part of
the country.

HOW soon, alas! the smiles of May
With all the vernal charms decay!

Adown the smooth but rapid tide

Of time, the Summer hours glide;

With all the fruitage of the year,

See bending Autumn next appear;

Then from the caverns of the North,

The howling tempests issue forth;

And dreary Winter's haggard form,

Tremendous riding on the storm,

E

Drives

Drives brisk-ey'd Pleasure from the plain,
And spreads around his icy reign.

Thus passes on the narrow span,
Allotted for the life of man ;
Poor man !—the Child of Sorrow born !
From birth, by Fate, condemn'd to mourn.
Though rapture gild his youthful hour,
Still on his noon misfortunes low'r ;
Tho' bright his morning sun may rise,
Yet clouds obscure his evening skies ;
And oft the roaring whirlwind's rage
May blast the hoary locks of age.
When thunders roar and lightnings fly,
When glooms the tempest in the sky,
The trav'ler seeks the nearest shed,
And shelters there his weary head ;
And cannot man a cordial find,
To heal the tempest of the mind ?
When deep corrodes the sting of grief,
Say whither shall he seek relief ?
To thee, soft Friendship ! let him fly,
You'll more than sooth each swelling sigh ;

'Tis

'Tis yours to wipe the scalding tear,
To smoothe the wrinkled brow of Care,
'Tis yours to lull the bosom'd woes,
And give the troubled soul repose !
Oh ! blest with each engaging art,
To captivate the feeling heart ;
With each perfection of the mind,
The generous wish, the thought refin'd ;
The soul where Friendship's purest flame,
Distrustless, ever burns the same.
Wilt thou forgive the artless lay,
Your humble Poet dares to pay ;
Wilt thou, MARIA, lend an ear
Of Friendship to a mourner's pray'r ?
Unknown to all the tuneful Nine,
No laurel wreaths his brows entwine ;
The willow's green alone he wears,
And wets the bending leaves with tears !
Far distant from the friend he loves,
The wounded Son of Sorrow roves ;
He seeks the dark, embrowning wood,
Where more than midnight horrors brood ;

Where roam the wolves in search of prey,
Or prowls the Savage, worse than they.
Not one intrusive gleam of light,
From the pale Goddess of the night,
Can pierce the thickness of the shade,
That bends to hide his aching head.

Yet why should he avoid the beam,
Which gently plays on yonder stream?
Thou oft, O MOON! hast lent thine aid,
To lead the Lover o'er the glade;
With thee, to light her careless way,
Pale Melancholy loves to stray;
His plaint to thee the mourner pours,
And sighs away his midnight hours.
And oft, (before the evenom'd voice
Of Slander blasted Friendship's joys,
Before her tender, lovely breast,
Took-in Suspicion for a guest),
I've heard the fair MARIA praise,
O MOON! the mildness of thy rays.
Then let me not avoid the beam,
Which softly plays on yonder stream.

But

But hark !—what sound invades my ear?
Say, is the prowling INDIAN near?
Already does he grasp the knife,
To rid me of a hated life?
No !—'tis the Genius of the oaks,
Whom Superstition oft invokes,
That, touch'd with generous sympathy,
Joins in ev'ry piercing sigh!

Where Echo forms her hundred cells,
Within the deepest gloom he dwells;
The gloom a sacred awe inspires,
That kindles * Superstition's fires,
The hardy woodman's stubborn stroke
Its dreary terrors never broke;
Nor can one solar ray invade
The awful horrors of its shade!

* The top of the mountain is mostly hid in clouds; and the *Indians* believe that the God of Thunder dwells there. They have a tradition, that one of their Chiefs was once taken up, and all the wonders of the mountain shewn to him; but, on his return, being about to disclose what he had seen to his companions, he was struck into ashes by lightning.

The murmurs of the summer breeze,
Or wint'ry blasts that rock his trees,
The thunder bursting o'er his head,
That shakes the mountain's deepest bed,
The distant shrieks of piercing woe,
The bubbling of the stream below,
(Ah stream!—sad emblem of my tears)
Is all the music that he hears.
No shrill lark here salutes the morn,
No huntsman winds his noisy horn;
No deer with tim'rous swiftness bound
Along the fear-defended ground!
The spectres of the night alone
Surround his visionary throne!
There does no wand'ring savage stray,
But distant shapes his bloody way,
Lest the dread thunderer appear,
Whom fancy paints to habit there,
And from the mountain's threat'ning brow
His vengeful bolt should dart below!

Thus once the painted Briton view'd
With sacred terror Mona's wood;

Nor

P O E M S.

55

Nor dar'd his step profane invade
The bow'rs which Superstition made;
At distance blind Devotion bow'd,
And in the Druid own'd the God!

But say, MARIA, shall I sigh,
Unheeded to the evening sky,
And not thy gentle breast incline,
To pity pangs severe as mine?
For, oh! from thee my sorrows flow,
Suspicion plants the sting of woe.

The callous breast of guilt may scorn
To harbour keen Reflection's thorn;
But sharpest pangs my bosom rend,
Suspected by my lovely Friend.
Say, do you still believe the tale,
Which Malice told the passing gale,
That to thy ears, in murmurs rude,
Accus'd me of ingratitude?

Ingratitude! thy very name
My throbbing bosom fills with shame;

Though there no other virtue shine,
Yet still the grateful heart is mine.

Witness, thou Genius of the Wood,
Ye sedge-crown'd Naiads of the flood;
Thou Moon, upon whose glancing rays
An herd of sportive Fairies plays.
Witness, ye Sylphs and Gnomes, that spread
Your wings around MARIA's head,
Who, even now, with watchful care,
Fly hov'ring o'er the slumbering fair,
And with such dreams amuse her rest,
As fill the chastest Seraph's breast.
Ye powers of Friendship and of Love!
Thou Spirit of yon hunted grove!
At this dead hour, when all things sleep,
Save sorrow, doom'd to "wake and weep!"
Bear witness, whilst I kneel and swear,
By all that man can hold most dear,
No thought of mine could e'er offend
My best, my loveliest, fairest FRIEND!

AN EPIGRAM.

ON A LADY.

DAME Nature wish'd her master-piece to shew,
So sent ——— to this world below:

But while the Goddess quite exhausted Art,
To form the Person, she forgot the heart;
And PRIDE, who wish'd to call the maid her own,
Dropt in the vacant space a lump of Stone.

MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY.

A POEM.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
COL. JOHN LAURENS.

ADDRESSED TO MISS V—

A DIEU! ye plains where once I lov'd to stray,
While soft Contentment led the peaceful way;
I leave the fragrant bower, the myrtle grove,
The tale of sympathy, the song of love;
Those scenes, which Fancy paints, no more I chuse,
Far other numbers suit the 'plaining Muse.
To yon dark cave see pining Virtue fly,
The tear indignant trembling in her eye;
Neglected Worth to solitude retires,
And Genius mourns his long extinguish'd fires,
Views his pale shrine deserted and forlorn,
His banners prostrate, and his laurels torn;

Wild

Wild laughing Folly has usurp'd his throne,
Has rent his robes, and reft his peaceful crown;
While Diffipation revels o'er the plain
Where once the Muses led their tuneful train.

Oh! can no son of all that train be found
To chace the spoilers from his native ground,
Who, bold in truth, shall also greatly dare
Against the foes of sense to wage the war,
To point the dart where Satire ought to sting,
And pluck the plume from Folly's painted wing?
Alas! the Muses' vot'ries all are fled,
Their altars prostrate, and their fires are dead!

Come then, MARIA, let us leave the plain,
Where riot, noise, and nonsense ever reign;
Above your sex's follies, you despise
Their tasteless round of dissipated joys,
And dare, in spite of tyrant Fashion's power,
Indulge soft *Melancholy's* tender hour!
In Sorrow's garb is Beauty doubly fair,
Her eye shines brighter thro' the falling tear;
The generous swell of *Sympathetic Woe*,
The drops which bleeding Friendship bids to flow,
(Tho'

(Tho' steel'd Insensibility may scorn,) WILLIAM BLAKE
 Alike the mourner and the mourn'd adorn !

Oh ! ill befall the stern unpitying eye !
 Hence the hard heart that never knew a sigh !
 Can transport glisten where no tear has flow'd ?
 Can pleasure spring where ne'er a thorn was strew'd ?
 As well the sod might wake to rapture's strain,
 As can the breast that never felt a pain.

Queen of the sober thought, the tender sigh,
 The pain-worn bosom and the tear-dew'd eye !
 Whether thou wanderest thro' the darksome grove,
 Where sound the sad notes of despairing Love ;
 Or if thou shap'st thy solitary way
 Thro' the dank path where anguish loves to stray ;
 Whether within the hair-clad zealot's cell,
 Mid piles of mouldering bones you fly to dwell ;
 Or if with pensive step thou seek'st the gloom
 Where mourning honour decks some hero's tomb ;
 Still, sacred *Melancholy*, will I own
 Thy soft'ning power, and bow before thy throne ;

To

To thee my humble Muse her offering pays,
And with thy cypress dares to twine her bays.
Oh, teach the mournful numbers, as they flow,
To call from Beauty's eye the tear of woe.
A LAUENS claims it from the clay-cold bed,
Where wrapt in dust he rests his mouldering head.
Shall Genius, Virtue, seek the silent urn,
And shall not Pity's tender bosom mourn?
Say, shall a LAURENS to the grave descend,
And not MARIA weep her laurel'd Friend?
For, ah!—no Sister sorrows o'er his tomb,
No mourning Parent seeks the sadd'ning gloom!
Far, far from hence, confin'd by hostile powers,
The CAPTIVE FATHER drags the slow-wing'd hours;
Perhaps, e'en now, his aged hands he rears,
And with a Patriot's joins paternal prayers.
Perhaps fond Fancy cheats his anxious eyes,
And bids each flattering joyful prospect rise;
He views his Son, by Fame, by Fortune blest,
By nations honor'd, and by friends carest;
His Country's champion in the dreadful fight;
In peaceful senates, guardian of her right;

But

But little deems—(Oh ! agony to come !
The early Martyr slumbers in the tomb.

Ah ! me ;—how soon shall all his prospects fade,
And sadness shroud his venerable head !
Already Anguish points the venom'd dart,
That long shall rankle in a Father's heart !

Ye JULIAN TOWERS !—the residence of pain,
Fit scenes for *Melancholy's* gloomy reign,
Where oft, fair FREEDOM, thy devoted sons
Have pour'd for thee their unavailing groans,
Where pale Assassination's haggard eye,
Unmov'd, beheld an helpless Monarch die,
Ye age-black'd walls, within whose round have flow'd
The richest streams of sad *Britannia's* blood,
Could not your horrors, with oppression join'd,
Unman the generous Captive's steady mind,
But must he be with double anguish torn,
And all the Parent with the Patriot mourn ?

When CATO's Son the bier untimely prest,
His glorious wounds all honest on the breast,

No

No tear bedew'd the godlike Parent's eye,
The ROMAN gloried in his breathless boy;
His Country claim'd the life he freely gave,
And deathless laurels crown'd his early grave!
The same in honour, and in death the same,
Shall LAURENS equal MARCUS in his fame;
Oh! may his Father's aged bosom feel
A CATO's firmness, as it does his zeal!
May calm Reflection lend her lenient art,
To blunt the arrows that invade his heart!

Ah!—weak is reason when the passions rage:
Her dull, cold precepts cannot grief assuage;
The sigh will swell, the starting tear will flow,
Whene'er the bosom feels the sting of woe;
To conquer Nature, man but strives in vain,
And all his struggles but augment his pain!

AN O D E.

OH! my LOUISA, would'st thou fly,
From Scorn's cold clime, to Pity's sky,
Would'st thou a tender ear incline
To love, sincere and true as mine,
Not India's richest mines could bear
A gem so bright as I would wear.

II.

The slave that ne'er revisits day,
But toils in chains his life away,
Has Hope, the dreary gloom to chear,
And strew her roses o'er despair.
But, ah!—no gloom where wretches sigh
Contains a slave so curst as I.

III.

Along the darksome path of woe,
Where Sorrow's thorns unnumber'd grow,
Where Anguish broods, I lonely stray,
No gleam of hope to chear the way;
Condemn'd thro' life in vain to mourn
LOUISA's unrelenting scorn.

A N O D E;

ON A LADY'S BIRTH-DAY.

SHEPHERDS, shepherds, hither come !

What tho' lost the vernal bloom,
What tho' Winter rules the year,
Yet the joys of Spring are here ;
Here we taste the sweets of May,
On ELIZA's natal day.

Do we want the blushing rose ?
In ELIZA's cheek it blows.
See the cherry's tempting red
O'er her dewy lips is spread ;
And the lily's ev'ry grace
Is exceeded in her face.

Where's the fragrance of the vale ?
Where's the music of the dale ?

Balmy is her breath, as Spring,
Or the odor Zephyrs bring!
Soft as is a Seraph's song,
Is the music of her tongue.

Shepherds, then, the chorus join,
Haste the festive wreath to twine;
Come with bosoms all sincere,
Come with breasts devoid of care,
Bring the pipe and merry lay,
'Tis ELIZA's Natal Day.

THE GROVE OF AFFLICTION.

A P O E M.

SOFT sighs the Zephyr thro' the gloomy wood,
 Nor other sounds the list'ning ear invade,
 Save the low murmurs of the little flood,
 Which winds unnotic'd thro' the distant glade.

Pale shoots the moon along the eastern sky,
 The twinkling stars retire behind the clouds;
 The feather'd warblers to their nestlings fly,
 And solemn night the whole creation shrouds.

Then be this hour to meditation due!
 Alas! how few does meditation claim!
 Each fleeting pleasure thoughtless we pursue,
 Nor raise to serious themes our nobler aim!

While warm in youth, each flatt'ring prospect
 bright,
 In Rapture's flowing stream we gaily lave;
 Careless and reckless of the stormy night,
 That soon, too soon, must howl us to the grave.

But, ha!—what phantoms glide along the grove,
In mournful robes of deepest hue array'd?
Not such the scene, when Innocence and Love
Sought the recess of CLAREMONT's peaceful shade.

And hark!—from yonder cypress-woven bow'r
The sigh of Sorrow steals upon the gale:
What Child of Anguish, in this solemn hour,
Tells to the list'ning Moon her plaintive tale?

Ah! 'tis MARIA!—o'er CLEANDER's urn,
The grief-devoted, lovely maiden bends!
Far, far from her, the tyrant Death has torn
The truest lover, and the best of friends.

So wrapt in tears appear'd the Cyprian queen,
When by the Savage tooth *Adonis* bled!
So, sunk in woe, each plaintive Muse was seen,
When young TIBULLUS bow'd the languid head!

As beams, thro' clouds that skim the western sky,
The setting radiance of the star of eve;
So shines the lovely maiden's tear-full eye!
Ah me!—that beauty should be doom'd to grieve!

But list!—she speaks!—attention catch the note,
 Nor lose a whisper!—Zephyrs' wings along,
 Not more melodious did the numbers float,
 When *Orpheus* plain'd or *Lesbian Sappho* sung.

Ye bending groves!—ye myrtle-woven bow'rs,
 Beneath whose mildly pleasing vernal shade,
 When Love and Friendship strew'd the path with
 flow'rs,
 Has your *CLEANDER* with *MARIA* stray'd.

Ye mournful turtles, who so often coo'd,
 Responsive to the youth's melodious strain,
 No more, soft trembling, thro' the list'ning wood,
 His gentle music shall assuage your pain.

Deep, deep, alas!—beneath the rolling waves,
 In ocean shrouded, is his clay-cold head!
 Ye Nereids, bear him to your coral caves,
 And gently lay him on your pearly bed.

For he was dear to this afflicted soul!
 Witness these sighs—these tears that ever flow;
 Dear as the crimson streams of life, that roll
 Around my heart, ah!—bursting now with woe.

But, ha! who's this, within the sacred bow'r,
 To grief devoted, that presumes to tread?
 Who dares disturb the sadly solemn hour,
 When bleeding Friendship mourns the honor'd dead?

D A M O N.

No step profane disturbs the scene of grief,
 No harden'd breast that mocks the falling tear;
 The Child of Pity comes, to give relief,
 To sooth your pangs, or in your sorrows share.

M A R I A.

And could, oh DAMON, could thy muse so long
 Delay the tribute to CLEANDER's shade?
 Could Virtue die, and not the tender song,
 By Friendship prompted, be to Virtue paid?

For, well you know, CLEANDER's open mind
 Disdain'd the deed which Honor blush'd to own;
 The generous wish, the sentiment refin'd,
 Still in his spotless breast conspicuous shone.

Thro'

Thro' Youth's gay walks together did ye stray,
As Fancy gave each scene a brighter bloom :
But, ah !—while Pleasure led the flow'ry way,
No thought intrusive pointed to the tomb.

Calm as the face of the deceitful main,
When no rude wind the settled deep deforms,
Ye saw, transported, Joy's enticing plain,
Nor ever deem'd it could be chang'd by storms.

But soon, too soon, along the darken'd skies,
The tempest scowl'd ;—high rose the ruffled wave !
In vain was human art, or Virtue's cries,
CLEANDER sunk into the wat'ry grave !

Hence heave these sighs ! these pungent sorrows flow !
Hence must this widow'd bosom ever mourn ;
Within this gloom will I indulge my woe,
And bathe with truest tears CLEANDER'S urn."

The lovely Maiden ceas'd the mournful strain,
And on the urn her pensive head reclin'd !
So droops the rose on Sharon's fruitful plain :
So sinks the lily to the passing wind.

Beams not the tear in Pity's radiant eye,
 When Virtue groans beneath Misfortune's thorn;
 What breast denies the sympathetic sigh,
 When Truth and Innocence and Beauty mourn?

Let the stern Stoic, of his precepts vain,
 Wrapt up in sullen Philosophic state,
 Each tender weakness of the soul disdain,
 And scorn alike the smiles or frowns of Fate.

But when, amid the lonesome nightly gloom,
 Affliction bends, let me in sorrow join;
 When Friendship sinks into the early tomb,
 The gen'rous pang of manly woe be mine.

Yes, my MARIA, to CLEANDER's name,
 My artless Muse the tribute due shall pay;
 For Pity, Virtue, urge the tender claim,
 And every softer feeling prompts the lay.

The well-pleas'd Vision smil'd amid her tears,
 Then wav'd her hand, and vanish'd in the shade!
 Now from the East the orient morn appears,
 And the dews glisten on the distant glade.

AN ODE;

ON A LADY'S SICKNESS.

HENCE, pale Disease!—stern slave of Death
and Night,

From spotless Virtue take thy rapid flight,
Go!—seek the scenes where lawless Pleasure reigns,
There bid the sons of Riot feel thy pains;
And let Impiety's too numerous band
Know all the terrors of thy chaf'ning hand.
Awaken'd from a ceaseless round of joy,
Repentance then their leisure may employ.
But leave ELIZA,—o'er her lovely head,
Let Health, bright Goddess, all her blessings shed.
Come, Cherub, come!—dispell the low'ring gloom,
Bid in her cheeks again the roses bloom;
Bid her eyes sparkle with their wonted fire,
And let the Bard again the maid admire.

Or

Or rather Thou ! at whose supreme command,
 Pale Sickness rages thro a bleeding land;
 Author of life, of health, of pain, of joy,
 Oh ! view the sufferer with a tender eye;
 Pity a Parent's pangs—a Sister's tears,
 Regard their sorrows—grant their fervent pray'rs;
 And longer spare to bleeding Friendship's sighs
 The lovely maiden, from her native skies.

AN ODE;

ON HER RECOVERY.

SICKNESS her raven wing extends,
And leaves ELIZA to her friends,

Escap'd the yawning of the tomb,

With health returns her radiant bloom.

Beams in her face each charm divine,

Her eyes with former lustre shine;

With every former grace she moves,

Attended by the sportive Loves.

And shall no Muse bestow a lay

To celebrate the happy day?

Yes—every Muse would lend her aid;

The Muses lov'd the charming maid:

And, when she wreath'd with racking pains,

They all forsook their flowery plains,

And

And fought a gloomy cypress grove,
To join in woe the Queen of Love.
But useless now the Muse's fire
My feeling bosom to inspire.

To thee, whose praise, in ceaseless songs,
Is warbled forth from Seraphs' tongues,
Queen of the silent, speaking eye,
And swelling heart, to thee I fly:
Yes, heav'n-born Gratitude, be thine
To fill my soul,—to prompt my line!
But weak is language to express,
Extremes of human happiness;
And numbers labor'd out with art,
Are foreign from the grateful heart.
Hence then, from me, the faulty line,
To feel, but not to write, be mine.

AN O D E;

TO THE SAME:

ON HER MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN AT BETHLEHEM.

A RURAL Bard from *Leheigh's* stream,
Invokes the long-neglected Nine,
To carol on a much-lov'd theme,
That oft employ'd his youthful line.

When festive Mirth inspir'd the swain,
When Pleasure spread her pinions gay,
He tun'd sincere his artless strain,
To hail ELIZA's natal day.

When keen Affliction's venom'd dart
Corroded in MARIA's breast,
He strove with all his little art,
To lull the bosom pang to rest.

When

When pale Disease her dew's had shed,
To blast ELIZA's opening bloom,
When Anguish bow'd her languid head,
And pointed to the yawning tomb:

His Muse preferr'd her ardent pray'rs,
And taught the plaintive line to flow!
Intruded on a Parent's tears,
To melt in sympathetic woe.

When Health return'd, to bless the maid,
He felt the general joy sincere:
Again the votive verse he paid,
Bedew'd with Gratitude's mild tear.

Now *Hymen* waves his hand on high,
To light his torch at Virtue's shrine;
While transport beams in EDWIN's eye,
And modest terror droops in thine.

While Pleasure leads the smiling Hours,
And Blushes heighten all thy charms;
While Rapture opens all her stores,
To bless thy faithful EDWIN's arms;

May

May not the Bard once more prepare
The festive wreath by Friendship wove?
May not the Muse her tribute bear,
To crown the brows of constant love?

Yes—let the Muse attune the line,
Sincerity shall prompt the lay;
And let the Sister Graces join,
To hail ELIZA's nuptial day.

While, with prophetic eye, the Bard
Shall glance o'er Time's yet embryo page,
And there shall read what bright reward
Shall crown her youth—shall bless her age.

The page unroll'd displays to view,
With rapture crown'd, succeeding years;
Day leads in day with pleasures new,
Unclouded, and unstain'd by tears.

Ne'er o'er this picture Hope has drawn,
May fullen, threat'ning storms arise!
But may the splendor of her dawn
Serenely gild her evening skies.

AN EPI T A P H;

ON WASHINGTON W**E.

BENEATH this stone, in endless slumbers laid,
 A little STRANGER rests his mould'ring head.
 Born mid the horrors of WAR's cruel reign,
 AN INFANT EXILE from its native plain.
 And ah!—too weak an EXILE's pangs to bear,
 Not long the suff'ring CHERUB linger'd here;
 Scar'd at the blood-stain'd scene, it wing'd its way,
 To seek for Peace in yonder realms of day.

Oh thou! whose soul can melt at others' woe,
 Whose pitying tears for others' pangs can flow;
 This grassy sod, oh let thy sorrows lave;
 And scatter roses o'er the STRANGER's grave;
 For here, alas!—no kindred steps shall come,
 No Parents' tears bedew their INFANT's tomb;
 To thee consign'd, they leave the hallow'd dust,
 Then guard with pious care the sacred trust.

LAMPOON.

L A M P O O N;

BY THE DESIRE OF A LADY.

SO very deaf, so blind a creature,
 As DELIA ne'er was seen in nature.
 Blind to each failing of a friend,
 But ever ready to commend;
 Yet not to failings blind alone,
 Blind to each beauty of her own.

So very deaf, that, if around
 A thousand shrill-ton'd tongues should sound,
 With scandal tipt, good names to tear,
 A single word she would not hear.
 Or if by chance, amid a croud,
 Some antiquated maid, so loud
 Against a youthful fair should rail,
 That Deafness self must hear the tale;

Her comprehensicn is so slow,
A single word she would not know :
Or, did she know, so weak's her brain,
That Scandal's tale it can't contain.
Yet these are trifles, when compar'd
To things that all the town have hear'd ;
For tho' so stupid, deaf, and blind,
The greatest charge is still behind,
The faults of Nature I'd forgive,
But she's the greatest Thief alive.
In earliest youth, the cunning chit
Had pilfer'd *Hermes* of his wit !
Within a deep embrowning wood,
A hoary Hermit's cottage stood ;
There, as *MINERVA* once retir'd
To see the Sage herself inspir'd,
While all around was wrapt in night,
Save the pale Student's glimmering light,
She came with worse than burglar's tread,
And filch'd the helmet from her head ;
She robb'd the Graces of their charms,
And off she ran with Cupid's arms.

She

She stole the Queen of Beauty's zone,
And made DIANA's smiles her own ;
Nor does she ever spend a day,
But what she steals some heart away ;
E'en while I write this hasty line,
I feel, I feel, she's stealing mine.
Yes—stupid, deaf, and blind's the creature,
And yet the greatest *Thief* in nature.

C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

U P O N a bank, along whose mossy side
 The silver streams of *Schuylkill* silent flow,
 Her eyes fix'd steady on the passing tide,
 CLARISSA tun'd her song to notes of woe.

A I R.

Stay, *Schuylkill*, nor thus flow regardless along,
 Come hither, ye Naiads, and aid me to mourn;
 No notes but of sorrow shall flow in my song,
 No notes but of sorrow, ye Naiads, return!

For DAMON, the pride of the valley and plain,
 The youth of my love, from my bosom is torn;
 Where rages the battle, there rushes my Swain,
 Oh! tell me, ye Naiads, will e'er he return?

No

II.

No coward is DAMON,—but brave is his heart;
The wrongs of fair *Freedom* have call'd him away;
Oh! then, Queen of Beauty, do thou take his part,
And safe from the battle my shepherd convey.
Oh! think when your hunter, *Adonis*, was slain,
The rocks and the woods and the floods heard
the moan,
And pangs fierce as yours do I feel for my Swain;
Then pity those pangs when you think of your
own.

Thus the complainings of her tender breast,
In forrowing accents, told the lovely maid;
The mournful verse the woe-worn heart confest,
The mournful verse to me the Muse convey'd!
Old *Schuylkill* left his oozy bed, to hear
The soul-enchanting music of her song;
As the fond breeze, that kifs'd her waving hair,
With rapture caught, and bore the strain along.

E L E G Y.

A young GENTLEMAN who had formed an unfortunate Attachment, in hopes of overcoming it, went a *Volunteer* on the INDIAN EXPEDITION, but was murdered by the SAVAGES. His fate gave rise to the following ELEGY, which is supposed to have been written by himself before he went off.

LOST to each hope, for ever doom'd to mourn,
 The hapless victim of a maiden's scorn;
 Condemn'd to tread the thorn in sorrow's road;
 And drag along life's ling'ring cumbrous load.
 I leave each gaudy scene that once could please,
 When health and rapture led the hours of ease,
 Ere my fond heart was taught to sigh in vain,
 Or my pierc'd breast to throb with ceaseless pain;
 To dreary wilds unpitied do I stray,
 With Grief, the sad companion of my way,

Yet,

Yet, ere I go, indulge the parting line;
 Which Anguish pays at cruel Beauty's shrine;
 Perhaps 'twill call the tear from Pity's eye,
 Perhaps e'en **** may deign to heave a sigh!
 Oh! if she does, the Zephyrs of the Spring
 Shall bear the tribute on ambrosial wing;
 One pearly drop more transport would impart
 To the warm stream that mantles at my heart,
 Than if Circassia's regions were my own,
 And all its beauties bow'd before my throne!

How vain the thought!--tho' round this icy head
 The dreary shades of endless Night were spread,
 No sigh she'd heave, her breast would prompt no
 tear,
 For soft Compassion is a stranger there.

Relentless MAID!—by partial Nature's care,
 Form'd in a mould most exquisitely fair,
 By lib'ral Nature blest with ev'ry charm,
 Each sense to captivate, each breast to warm:
 But ah! regardless of a Lover's sighs,
 As is the whirlwind to a sailor's cries!

Think not I mean your pity to implore :
This bosom swells with flatt'ring Hope no more ;
Long since from me the downy Seraph fled,
To flap his pinions round some happier head.

Think not, by Love inspir'd, a wreath I twine,
The Muses' off'ring at the Cyprian shrine ;
No Muse, alas ! this tortur'd breast inspires,
There Disappointment lights his fiercest fires.

Rude as the throbbings of imbosom'd woe,
Wild as Despair, let all the numbers flow ;
The hand of Madness holds the wandering pen,
And keenest Anguish prompts the rough'ning strain ;
Rude tho' it flow, the fault is all your own,
You gave the wound, and you should hear the groan.

Think not I wish to wake Reflection's thorn,
Or overcome a cruel Maiden's scorn ;
Thy breast, as cold as *Rhodopean* snows,
Nips the soft bud of Pity ere it blows.
Yet, ere I fly from love, from pain,—from you,
I wish to bare my bosom to your view ;

The

The truth, the fondness of my passion tell,
And then to breathe a last—a sad—FAREWELL!

Untaught a passion, never felt, to feign,
Unskill'd to cloath in smiles the keenest pain,
Unknown to me the flatterer's treach'rous art,
My face was still an index to my heart.
I fondly thought a tender soul was thine,
I knew that love, that fondest truth, were mine:
I humbly dar'd that truth, that love, to own;
But all my hopes were blasted by thy frown.

Adieu! ye paths that once were strew'd with
flowers,
Ye happier prospects of my early hours;
Ye dreams of bliss, I once was taught to form,
Ere tyrant Beauty rais'd the bosom'd storm;
Ye scenes that Youth and raptur'd Fancy drew;
And thou, belov'd, yet cruel maid,—ADIEU!
Far, far from you, I seek th' unsocial woods,
Where pining Solitude for ever broods;
Where the grim Savage still, in search of prey,
Distain'd with blood, directs his dreadful way.

Oh! may he hear my murmurs as they flow,
 And plant his dagger in the breast of woe;
 Then will my spirit seek the happy shore,
 Where hopeless passion can torment no more;
 The sleep of Death these weary lids shall close,
 And thou no more disturb my deep repose.

AN ODE,
TO INSENSIBILITY.

IMPROMPTU. AT THE REQUEST OF Miss V—

DREAD Goddess of the tearless eye,
And marble heart, to thee I fly,
Insensibility !

Before thy lion-guarded throne,
Where Pity's plaint was never known,
I bend the supplant knee !

May I, unmov'd by Beauty's charms,
Ne'er feel those tender, soft alarms,
Which love-sick wretches know !
Should tears bedew the radiant eyes,
Should Beauty's bosom heave with sighs.
I'd smile at all their woe.

Dread

P O E M S.

Dread Goddess then, to me impart
 The best of all thy gifts, an heart
 Insensible as stone ;
 Should Anguish rend e'en MIRA's breast,
 Soft as on down, I then could rest,
 Nor heed her piercing groan !

AN O D E.

TO THE RIVER LEHEIGH.

OH thou, who lead'st the wand'ring wave,
 The gay, luxuriant meads to lave,
 By BETHLEHEM's pensive BRETHREN prest,
 And view'st, dark frowning o'er the plains,
 The sullen * mansion that contains
 The sorrows of the widow'd breast;

Where, by thy willow-fringed shores,
 MONOCKISY in torrents pours
 His cooling streams, to mix with thine;
 If e'er thou staid'st thy course, to hear
 The pious hymn, the solemn air,
 That echo'd from the † *Cloister's* shrine;

* The Widows' house at Bethlehem.

† The Single Sisters' house.

If e'er the deep-drawn sigh could please,
 If e'er thy gently waving trees

To hopeless love have lent their shade ;
 If e'er the notes of Grief were dear,
 If e'er you drank the silent tear,
 By meek Devotion's Sisters paid ;

Attend, mild Stream, to me attend,
 And be once more the wretch's friend,

From hopeless love my sorrows flow ;
 Ye tow'ring oaks, your branches spread,
 Thou humbler willow, bend thy head
 To shade the furrow'd brow of woe !

Yet, ah !—to me your shades are vain,
 They cannot sooth the lover's pain,
 When ling'ring Hope has wing'd away ;
 They cannot stop the starting tear,
 Nor o'er thy dreary gloom, Despair,
 Can shed a single cheering ray.

Thy banks, mild Flood, no more can please,
 No more the waving of thy trees,
 To me, a transport can impart ;

The

The verdure fades, the landscape dies,
Each air-drawn scene of Fancy flies,
When Anguish rankles at the heart.

If by thy flow'ry banks I rove,
Or wander thro' the silent grove,
That shades thy waters as they flow;
The tear still bulges in my eye,
Still Recollection calls the sigh,
And points the venom'd sting of woe.

Yet once along thy shores I stray'd,
Or, careless of each grief, I play'd
Thy rose-encircled bow'rs among;
Then Fancy's wreaths I gaily twin'd,
Or in the tuneful chorus join'd,
While to the woods the throftles sung.

And, would LOUISA bless her swain,
Thy banks, mild Stream, would please again,
And brighter verdure deck each grove;
Oft, wand'ring then those banks along,
For her I'd tune my artless song,
And thou should'st smile upon my love.

AN ELEGY;

OCCASIONED BY THE LAMENTED AND UNTIMELY
DEATH OF AN AMIABLE YOUNG LADY.

ADDRESSED TO I. M. V. ESQ.

HENCE the vain pomp, the '*mockery of woe,*'
The sable garb, by outside mourners worn!
Obedient tears, affected sighs, that flow
From breasts by keen Affliction's tooth untorn.

As dies the breeze that wakes the summer morn,
So sink their sighs before bright Pleasure's ray;
As dries the glist'ning dew-drop on the thorn,
So pass their momentary tears away.

Ill do they suit the soul where Anguish dwells,
The feeling heart disdains their dun parade;
Flies from their walk to Sorrow's darkest cells,
Or throbs unheeded in the midnight shade.

Come.

Come then, my Friend!—we'll seek the gloomy
scene,

Where, wrapt in dust, the good, the virtuous lie;
We'll dare reflect on what they once have been,
And from their mould'ring relics learn to die!

DEATH!—'tis a lesson that we all must learn,
Or soon, or late, the dreary hour will come;
My next sad lay may melt o'er DAMON's urn,
Or his flow step may seek his Poet's tomb.

Quick fly the shafts commission'd to destroy;
The old, the young, the gay, the lovely bow;
The father's hope, the lover's promis'd joy,
Alike are blasted by the fatal blow.

As when the tempest blackens thro' the skies,
The tree, the shrub, alike must feel the stroke;
The garden's pride, the rose, the lily dies,
Nor can his ivy shield the tow'ring oak.

So, wing'd with fate, does ev'ry moment fly;
Here sink the humble—there the ermin'd great;
Here groan the impious—there the virtuous lie;
And here the lovely meet untimely fate.

H

Oh!

Oh! ANNA!—early lost, seraphic maid!
To feeling breasts you've taught this awful truth;
The pallid monarch seiz'd thy pain-rack'd head,
And blasted all the charms of blooming youth.

Yet more than this--you've taught us now to know,
That Virtue views unmov'd the trying hour;
Compos'd, resign'd, unmurm'ring, meets the blow,
Blunts the keen sting of Death, defies its pow'r.

She lures the soul to brighter worlds of joy;
Removes the clouds that hide the rugged way;
Bids Rapture glisten in the dying eye,
And smoothes the passage to the realms of day.

Oft, lovely Maiden! to thy hallow'd tomb
Shall bleeding Friendship's sky-rob'd form repair;
Indulge her sorrows mid the awful gloom,
And bathe the marble with her softest tear.

Oft too, my DAMON, to the sacred ground
Wilt thou approach, with trembling step and flow;
And there, while midnight horrors reign around,
Dissolve in all the luxury of woe!

Oh!

Oh! then!—while o'er the spot you sadly bend,
And pour the frequent, unavailing sigh,
This awful lesson from the grave attend!
Attend, and profit—"YOU WERE BORN TO DIE"!

[14100]

ON THE VICISSITUDES OF HUMAN LIFE;

AN ELEGY.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

FROM the still scenes of silent solitude,
Where Winter round extends his icy reign,
On R***'s presence may the MUSE intrude?
Say—will he listen to her artless strain?

Can aught, from leafless woods, and trackless
snows,
Claim the attention of his polish'd ear?
Or can the line, in which no fancy glows,
Worth the perusal of his eye appear?

Yet—on the silent solitary hour,
Does Meditation's solemn footstep steal;
There Sensibility exerts her pow'r,
And bids the breast to sigh, the soul to feel!

To

To sigh—for sorrows that are not its own ;
To feel—for pangs which other bosoms bear ;
Bids the hard heart to melt at Pity's throne,
Bids the stern eye to glow with Pity's tear !

And ah !—how oft, in this sublunar sphere,
Does Virtue feel Misfortune's sharpest wound !
For one, who tastes of happiness sincere,
How many sons of wretchedness are found !

Unnumber'd evils throng the path of life,
By pangs unnumber'd is the soul oppress'd ;
Here rage the Passions in the mental strife,
And there deep Anguish harrows up the breast.

Here, keen Disease, with all her horrid train,
Scowls o'er the land, to mark her destin'd prey ;
Pale Famine stalks across the blighted plain,
And raging Pestilence extends her sway.

Here, in his crimson pomp, terrific War
Sweeps off whole legions to the dreary shade ;
The youthful bosom reddens with the scar,
And low in dust the locks of age are laid.

This fertile land, Creation's youngest-born,
 Each deathful horror of the scene has known;
 Still droops her GENIUS o'er the silent urn,
 Still sadly mourns for many a slaughter'd Son!

Let Fancy bear thee to the snow-clad plain,
 That frowns o'er broad *St. Lawrence'* rocky shore;
 Oft has it groan'd beneath the heaps of slain,
 Oft has the frightened stream been stain'd with gore.

While screaming Horror pierc'd the Northern
 wind,
 And bleeding Anguish rais'd the mournful cry;
 There brave MONTCALM his languid head reclin'd,
 And gallant WOLFE breath'd forth his latest sigh.

And there,—while FREEDOM, struck aghast with woe,
 Stretch'd out her arms,—too weak, alas!—to save;
 Her fav'rite Son MONTGOM'RY met the blow,
 That sunk his blooming honors to the grave.

And lo!—where *Mystic* rolls his pensive tide,
 Beneath the weeping willow's bending gloom,
 Unnumber'd shadowy forms in silence glide,
 With printless step, around a WARREN's tomb.

Nor

Nor North alone—these milder plains have borne
The cannon's weight, the firm embattled line ;
Cæſar's fields support a MERCER's urn,
And *Schuylkill* wanders near a NASH's shrine.

And where mild ASHLEY's Southern waters flow,
The sword of war has bulg'd the widow's tear ;
Oft have his groves been pierc'd with notes of woe.
And many a slaughter'd Hero slumbers there.

Go, Pity, go!—and seek the sacred ground,
Where, wrapt in dust, the Sons of Glory sleep ;
Thy softest myrtles plant each spot around,
And o'er each hallow'd turf in silence weep.

The hallow'd turf no step profane shall tread,
For Honour ever guards the Soldier's shrine,
He'll plant a charm around his children's bed,
And with thy myrtles deathless laurels twine.

The same their cause, their fate, alas! the same ;
Thy Champions, FREEDOM, and thy MARTYRS too ;
They seize the boldest sounding Clarion—FAME!
Swell the loud note—it is the warrior's due.

Yes—swell the note ;—to distant ages tell
The name of each, who for his Country dy'd ;
How FREEDOM droop'd her banners, when they fell,
How HONOR wept, and sacred VIRTUE sigh'd.

Yet, not to those, who greatly bled, alone
Shall the due tribute of their worth be paid ;
In fields of death the Soldier plucks renown ;
But milder virtues seek the peaceful shade.

The civic wreath FAME's grateful hand shall bring,
And twine it round the steady PATRIOT's brows ;
And virtue mix each flowret of the spring
Among the deathless laurels FAME bestows.

Yet, ah!—not FAME—nor Virtue's dearer wreath,
Nor yet the pray'rs by grateful thousands paid,
Can save the PATRIOT from the stroke of death,
Or shield, one moment, the devoted head.

The day must come!—(Oh ! long within the
womb

Of distant years may its sad moments stay !)

When, yawning wide, the dark insatiate tomb
Shall claim a FRANKLIN's ever honor'd clay.

In

In vain *Philosophy* shall droop her head,
 Her sons in vain around the corse shall weep;
 Not *Sky-snatch'd Flames* can animate the dead,
 Not *Thunder's Voice* can burst their endless sleep !

Thou too, Oh *WASHINGTON*, thy country's pride,
 The laurel'd brow to tyrant Fate must yield;
 Must feel the stroke, so oft before defy'd,
 Amid the horrors of the crimson'd field.

The hardy vet'ran then in vain shall mourn
 His Friend, his Father, Benefactor, gone;
 In vain each Muse shall sadden round thy urn;
 E'en vain thy country's universal groan !

For, ah!—the stroke could friendly tears arrest,
 Could Virtue's charms her fondest vor'ry save;

Not yet, * *CADWALLADER*, thy *Patriot* breast
 Had been enshrouded in the silent grave !

Still

* *JOHN CADWALLADER*, Esq; paid the debt of Nature
 at his seat in Kent County, Maryland, on the 10th of
 February 1786, in the 44th year of his age.

He

Still hadst thou liv'd to scatter blessings round,
 To wipe from Sorrow's furrow'd cheek the tear,
 To shield the poor man from Oppression's wound,
 And raise the drooping mourner from despair.

Unbroken

He possessed a masculine understanding, which was improved by an acquaintance with history and government. He took an early and active part in the late revolution. In the gloomy month of Dec. 1776, when the affairs of AMERICA were in the most critical situation, he accepted of a Brigadier General's commission from the Council of Safety, in the militia of Pennsylvania, and at the head of 1500 of his fellow-citizens, marched to the assistance of General WASHINGTON, who had retreated to the Western shore of the Delaware. Here he discovered a degree of firmness and magnanimity which banished doubt, and begat confidence where-ever he went. He struggled in vain till near day-light, with huge piles of ice in the Delaware, on the memorable night preceding the defeat and capture of the Hessians at Trenton: by which means he was deprived of the honor of sharing in, and extending the benefits of that well-timed conquest. He partook of the danger and glory of the victory at Princeton, on the 3d of Jan. 1777. During the campaign of the year 1777, he acted as volunteer under the command of Gen. WASHINGTON, and shared with the American Army in all the dangers and sufferings of that memorable year. After the alliance took place, between the King of France and the United States, he retired to private life, whence he was occasionally called to take part in the councils of his country.

Unbroken then, each fond endearing tie
Of Husband, Father, Brother, Friend, had been;
Nor, scowling o'er thy dome, with haggard eye,
Had keen Misfortune's roughest form been seen.

Yet now, in realms of empyrean day,
Fair Virtue's brightest crown, blest shade! is thine:
To mourn thy loss, to pour the plaintive lay,
And, Oh!—to emulate thy deeds—be mine!

country. As a *Senator*, he was intelligent, disinterested, and upright. Disdaining to unite with the artful and cowardly, by inflaming the passions of Government against a body of men whom fear or religious scruples had rendered passive in the controversy; he directed all his zeal chiefly against those internal vices which were unfortunately the offspring of the war, in whatever characters they appeared.—The Love of his Country swallowed up all other passions; and he zealously promoted every institution, that was connected with her interests and happiness. In private life, his Virtues were as mild as they were bold in public life: In Friendship, he was steady, sincere, and even ardent: In domestic life, as a Son, a Brother, a Husband, a Father, and a Master, he was truly amiable.

In a word—While Patriotism, — Integrity, — active Benevolence, and warm Domestic Affections, continue to excite the esteem of mankind, the name of this excellent man will never cease to be dear to his COUNTRY, his FRIENDS, and his FAMILY.

C O N-

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